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CRICKET.

CHEETHAM HILL v. BROUGHTON.

THE first cricket match this season between the Cheetham Hill Club and Ground and the Broughton Club, was played last Saturday on the ground of the former at Higher Crumpsall. The arrangements of this home-and-home match allow the Cheetham Hill Club to play their professional bowlers, while Broughton relies entirely upon the amateur members of the club. Considering the result of last Saturday's match we should think that, after this season, the two clubs ought to meet each other on equal terms. Last year the shade of a deceased novelist sent us a description of the match; this year we have not thought it necessary to "call spirits from the vasty deep," and our notice must be brief, and of the earth, earthy.

Notwithstanding the encroachments of the town upon its ancient suburbs and adjoining villages, the village of Cheetham Hill remains wonderfully homogeneous, and retains many of its pristine characteristics. The inhabitants are clannish, intact, and enthusiastic. Everybody appears to know everybody else, and mayors, aldermen, merchants, calico-printers, parsons, publicans and sinners seem to be all jumbled up together. No doubt this is of vast service to the Cheetham Hill Club, and accordingly the denizens of the neighbourhood, of both sexes, turn out in great numbers at their cricket matches. On Saturday last, not having supplied ourselves with a Press admission, we presented ourselves at the gates, and on our tendering the sum of one shilling, were admitted into the presence of—the band. We did not grudge our shilling, and should not have done so, even had there been no band; and in these days of advocated equality, or rather, uniformity between the sexes, we should not object to pay one shilling for the admission of our better half. Cricket Clubs ought to pay their own expenses, and the perpetual sending round of the hat, and consequent eternal "shelling out" of a select few, is—we shall refrain from using strong language—not right.

The Broughton players having won the toss, were the first to appear at the wickets. They did not long remain there. Mr. J. Makinson does not appear to like the ground, or the ground does not appear to suit him, for, if we remember correctly, last year he only scored four, and on Saturday he was bowled by Wardle for two. On the other hand, his brother Charles seems to be at home when he is abroad, for last year he made a very good innings, and on Saturday he was the only one of the eleven who secured double figures. The whole team appeared to be stiff and out of form, and the play was too bad to be correct. As usual, our old friends, Johnny MacLongstop and the Highland Chieftain, brought up the rear, and managed to make a pair of spectacles between them. The Chieftain, who is the most persevering of cricketers, marched straight to the wicket, received one ball, and "bang went," not "saxpence," but his middle stump. The total Broughton score amounted to 37. *Tempora mutantur et nos mutamur in illis.*

After a short interval given to refreshments, explanations about how the batsmen were got out, and gnashing of Wardle's teeth because Mr. C. Makinson would keep hitting his straight balls to the leg, the Cheetham Hill men went to the wickets, and at first it looked as if they were going to outrival their opponents in not scoring. Mr. J. B. "Brown" (why do cricketers use pseudonyms on Saturdays?) and Mr. Makinson bowled for Broughton, and Mr. R. Mellor was wicket-keeper, and a very excellent wicket keeper too. Seven Cheetham Hillers went down for twenty-eight runs. Great expectations were entertained about Mr. M. Barlow's batting. Great expectations are often delusive, and he was given out after scoring ten, by that most ignominious of all modes of exit—leg before wicket. Mr. "Brown's" bowling was very destructive, and with the aid of the wicket-keeper, Mr. R. Mellor, he took five wickets. Mr. J. B. Brown's right hand has not lost its cunning, and as was the case with Autolycus's wallet which contained a lot of "unconsidered trifles," there are still a good many curiosities in "John Brown's knapsack." Mr. J. Makinson also bowled very well, but just when the interest of the match was at its height and Broughton, by a supreme effort, had a chance of winning, he appeared to tire and went off, and John Brown followed suit. Mr. H. Mallalieu, a young player, succeeded Mr. Makinson. He bowls very straight, and promises to make a very good all-round cricketer, unless he turns it up for some less robust game like his elder brothers. Cricket, like other specialities, runs in families—to wit the Graces, the Walkers, the Rowleys, and others. Mr. John Grimshaw played a good steady innings for Cheetham Hill, and carried out his bat for thirty-four. His style is somewhat pottering; but he can keep his wicket up—and that is something. As a wicket-keeper he exactly resembles Surrey Stephenson, and is very trustworthy. Wardle—the Cheetham professional—and Mr. Grimshaw won the match, the score amounting to ninety-six. Mr. Mollinson is one of the few Scotchmen, in Manchester or elsewhere, who can play cricket. The game is an exotic north of the Tweed; and a friend, who had not been in Scotland, explained the matter to us by saying that there were no flat places in that country on which a wicket could be pitched.

It only remains for us to say that Mr. M. Barlow's and Wardle's bowling for Cheetham Hill were very good, and that Johnny Mac Longstop's execution in that department of the game from which he derives his name was a thing to be remembered.

[LANCASHIRE WORTHIES.]

THE FIRST MEMBER FOR MANCHESTER.

THE Worsleys of Platt, near Manchester, were an offshoot from the Worsleys of Worsley by the marriage of an heiress of which manor Worsley itself was added to the possessions of the Egertons, and so in time became the cradle of the famous Duke of Bridgewater's canal operations. Early in the seventeenth century Charles Worsley, a cadet of this ancient family, who had diverged into trade, was established in Manchester as a "haberdasher" or linen-draper. Prospering in business, he purchased in 1614 certain lands in Rusholme, and married a sister of Alice Clarke, wife of George Clarke, founder of the Manchester Charity that bears his name. His son and successor, Ralph Worsley, was a still more thriving man, having "for the period extensive dealings with weavers residing in the villages around Manchester to whom he entrusted yarn," Irish linen yarn it would seem, "for the purpose of having it woven into cloth, afterwards disposing of the same at his shop in Manchester." Out of the profits of this business he was able, in 1625, to add to the paternal purchase of lands in Rusholme the estate of Platt, where he settled, established himself, and thus founded the family of Platt. In the old lath and plaster manor-house of Platt, superseded more than a hundred years ago by the modern mansion, there was born in 1622 to this Ralph a son and heir, Charles Worsley, the first member for Manchester and one of Oliver Cromwell's majors general.

Ralph Platt was a Puritan of the most "advanced" school. As things developed themselves, and Laudism was trampled under foot, he tended strongly to Independency, which was to Presbyterianism what Radicalism is to Whiggery in our days; and in those days politics and religion were indissolubly blended. With the breaking out of the Civil War, however, the split between Presbyterianism and Independency had not become conspicuous, and Puritanism in Manchester, as elsewhere, was united against the common foe. In the August of 1642 it was that King Charles raised his standard at Nottingham; a month afterwards came the unsuccessful assault on Manchester by the Earl of Derby. The fortifications of Manchester were strengthened; it was made the head-quarters of the Parliament's army in Lancashire; and in 1643, the Solemn League and Covenant of our Scotch friends was accepted by its Puritan inhabitants. In the course of the following year, Charles Worsley, only twenty-two, a godly and a handsome youth (as his portrait at Platt testifies), was a captain in the army of the Parliament. Two years later, Presbyterianism was established in Lancashire, solitary, or almost solitary in that respect among English counties.

Elsewhere the controversy between Presbyterians and Independents—the former declining peace with the beaten King, the latter demanding "securities" which Charles would never honestly give—was coming to a head, and Lieutenant General Cromwell, the victor of Naseby, was throwing his weight into the scale of Independency. In this same year of 1646, it is noticeable, at the instance, no doubt, of Mr. Ralph Worsley among others, there migrated from Gorton to Birch, as minister, the Rev. John Wigan, who began to preach Independency in that neighbourhood, with a zeal which may be imagined when it is added that he afterwards went into the army, and fought for his creed with sword as well as tongue. The young Worsley much affected, we may be sure, the ministrations of this militant Reverend John, and when the conflict between Presbyterianism and Independency did arise, he showed himself worthy of his spiritual pastor and master. He had married, was living in his father's house at Platt, and had been so zealous an officer as to have risen to the rank of Lieutenant Colonel, when the execution of Charles I. was followed by the flight of young Charles II. to Scotland, and his acceptance as their King by the deluded Presbyterian Scotch, little foreseeing the thumbscrews and Claverhouses of the Restoration. In the June of 1650, the Lord General Cromwell was on the march once more, this time towards Scotland, and reinforcements for him in his Scotch campaign were got together in many parts of England. But things had come to such a pass in Manchester that the Presbyterians here were seriously deliberating on raising five hundred men to help Charles II. and the Scotch against the Commonwealth, in the hope of procuring for the country the blessed rule of a "covenanted king."

There were other men in and about Manchester, however, busy in a different cause, and one of the most active of them was Lieutenant Colonel Worsley. On July 19th, 1650 (three days before Cromwell on his northward march crossed the Tweed at Berwick) according to an entry in old Ralph Worsley's diary, "At Cheetham Hill was the first muster of Lieutenant Colonel Worsley's soldiers. The second in the same place August 2nd, 1650." Further on comes this other entry: "1650, August 19th, Lieutenant Colonel Worsley set forward towards the north with the regiment. August 24th, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Worsley came to Skipton. September 2nd, he came to Durham"—"Durrom" it is spelt by the old gentleman, whom the young Lieutenant Colonel as he proceeded northwards doubtless kept informed by letter of his movements. "September 3rd," the paternal record proceeds, "to Newcastle. September 9th, to Berwick. September 12th, to Edinburgh"—"Edenborrow." Then comes as a supplementary jotting: "September 3rd, the battle at Dunbar, in Scotland, was fought." The Lieutentant Colonel may have marched his very quickest, but he and his Manchester men were too late to help at Dunbar, where their presence would have been most acceptable to the Lord General, who, however, managed to do very well without him or them. The brunt of the campaign in Scotland was over when Lieutenant Colonel Worsley reached "Edenborrow," nine days after the batte of Dunbar, and for two years and nine months nothing more that is significant is heard of him.

Then, indeed, he emerges from obscurity on a historical occasion, and occupying an interesting position. His services, character, and breeding, conjointly and severally, had meanwhile endeared him to the Lieutenant General, and the gallant, resolute, young Puritan soldier, just turned thirty, had been appointed to the command of Cromwell's own regiment of foot. Perhaps it was to enter on the duties of his new post—for he took Mrs. Worsley with him—that he proceeded to London in the late autumn of 1652, as is thus recorded in his father's journal:—"1652, October 18. My son, Lieutenant Colonel Charles Worsley"—his military rank is always remembered in these paternal jottings, as if testifying a certain parental pride in it—"with his wife"—"wyff" *in orig.*—"did set forward from Platt to ride to Worsley." However this may be, it is certain that when on the 20th of April, 1653, hurrying down to the House of Commons, "in plain black clothes and worsted stockings," on an ever-memorable errand, the Lord General Cromwell called for a company of musketeers to attend him, it was Lieutenant Colonel Worsley that commanded them and accompanied him. We have come now to the famous dismissal of the Rump Parliament, and the "call them in" of the Lord General, which ended the burst of passionate speech, beginning, "Come, come, we have had enough of this, I will put an end to your prating." In Carlyle's vivid account of the transaction, no mention is made of Worsley, probably because in Algernon Sidney's narrative his name is misprinted "Wortley," and that Cromwell's chief biographer did not recognize in him the subsequent Major General Worsley. Algernon Sidney had good reason to remember the Lieutenant Colonel, as appears from his version of the incident. "It happened that day," says Sidney, or Sidney's father, reproducing his son's report of the day's proceedings, "that Algernon Sydney sate"—as member for Cardiff—"next to the Speaker on the right hand. The General"—Cromwell—"said to Harrison, 'Put him out.' Harrison spake to Sydney to go out, but he said he would not go out, and sate still. The General said again, 'Put him out.' Then Harrison and Wortley put their hands upon Sydney's shoulders, as if they would force him to go out. Then he rose and went towards the door;"—coerced by the gentlest "physical force." Worsley seems to have been fated to have his name misprinted in connection with his participation in the doings of that historical day. "History," says Carlyle, "reports with a shudder that my Lord General, lifting the sacred Mace itself, said, 'What shall we do with this bauble? Take it away!" And according to a narrative which he proceeds to quote: "All being gone out, the door of the house was locked, and the Key with the Mace, as I heard, was carried away by Colonel Otley." No, by Lieutenant Colonel Worsley, and there is evidence that the "bauble" remained for a time in his possession. In the official journal of the proceedings of the so-called Barebones Parliament, the convocation of which followed the dismissal of the Rump, occurs the following entry:—"8th of July, 1653—Resolved that the Serjeant-at-Arms attending this House do repair to Lieutenant Colonel Worsley for the Mace, and do bring it to the House." The immediate instrument of Oliver Cromwell's *coup d'état* turns out to have been "a Manchester man!"

What scoffers called Barebones Parliament was not a parliament in the modern sense of the word. Its members were nominated by the Lord General Cromwell, not elected directly by the constituencies; it was less a House of Commons than a huge Republican, not Royal, Commission, with extensive legislative powers. It sate for rather more than five months, and then finding their task of destruction and reconstruction too much for them, its members resigned their powers into the hands of him who had bestowed them. Immediately afterwards came the establishment of the Protectorate. The Lord General Cromwell became the Protector, ruling in conformity with an Instrument of Government, one of the articles of which enacted that a Parliament should meet on the 3rd of September (the anniversary of the battle of Dunbar and of Worcester, Cromwell's "fortunate day") 1654. It was to be a Parliament this time freely chosen by the electors, the qualification being property to the annual value of two hundred pounds per annum, and those who had borne arms for the King, or their sons, were prohibited from voting. The "question of distribution" had been carefully considered. Many small boroughs were disfranchised, and their members given to counties and large boroughs in some proportion to population. In fact it was a Parliament elected in conformity with the "New Reform Bill" of his Highness the Lord Protector's own framing and passing. Among the great towns thus for the first time permitted Parliamentary representation was Puritan Manchester. Leeds was another. Manchester elected for its first member of parliament, "Charles Worsley of the Platt, Esquire," whom Baines did not know to be identical with the Major General of after years, though he surmised that the member for Manchester and the Major-General might be of the same family. In the proceedings of this first Protectoral Parliament, Charles Worsley's name, and little more, figures occasionally. "To him and several others was entrusted the bill for the recognition of the government, and his name is found in several committees of the House for ejecting scandalous ministers and schoolmasters, for the affairs of Ireland, and for auditing or revising the public accounts." The first Parliament of the Protectorate proved to be even more unsuccessful than Barebones's. Its members fell to questioning the Protector's authority, and after administering to them a mild purge, in the form of a declaration to be signed acknowledging his authority, Oliver quietly dismissed them, in the January of 1655, to their respective places of abode. For a year and nearly nine months, England survived the absence of Parliamentary government.

Government, however, there was in England during the interval, and of a very stringent kind, as it needed to be, from the Lord Protector's point of view. Plotting against his rule was rife, and not Royalist plotting only, but of a much more dangerous kind, Republican. Cromwell and his Independents had gone beyond Fairfax and the Presbyterians. Now, old comrades in arms of the Protector were going beyond him, and as Anabaptists, Fifth Monarchy men, and so forth, protested against all earthly sovereignty, and demanded the Reign of the Saints with a King in heaven. One of the leaders of these enthusiasts was Harrison, the very Harrison who, with Worsley's aid, had mildly compelled Algernon Sidney to leave the House of Commons, and the ejection of the Rump. Above all, the Royalists, to some extent, were uniting with these ultra-Puritan Republicans. In fact, there was a coalition of the two extreme parties in England against the Protector, and it was a coalition which, if without votes in Parliament, had arms in its hands, and daring leaders to organize its conspiracies. Hence Oliver's division of England into districts, ten in all, over each of which was placed a reliable and zealous military or naval man, with the rank and title of Major General—"the greatest creation of honours," Thurloe wrote to Henry Cromwell in Ireland, "His Highness has made since his access"—accession—"to the government." Harrison might have fallen away; not so Worsley, and to him was assigned the district consisting of Lancashire, Cheshire, and Yorkshire. The powers of a Major General in his district were those of a little king. "He looks," says Carlyle, "after the good of the Commonwealth, spiritual and temporal, as he finds wisest. Ejects, or aids in ejecting, scandalous ministers, summons disaffected, suspected persons before him; demands an account of them; sends them to prison, failing an account that satisfies him; and there is no appeal except to the Protector in Council. His force is the militia of his counties; horse and foot levied and kept in readiness for the occasion; especially troops of horse. Involving, of course, new expense—which we decide that the Plotting Royalists, who occasion it, shall pay. On all Royalist disaffected persons the Major General therefore, as his first duty, is to lay an income tax of ten per cent; let them pay it quietly." These were the duties which Major-General Worsley and his colleagues were set to discharge in the October of 1655.

In Thurloe's state papers there are printed some twenty or more letters from Worsley, chiefly to Thurloe himself as Cromwell's principal secretary, reporting progress, asking for instructions, and offering suggestions based on "local knowledge." They are for the most part brief, modest, as well as earnest, and combine devoutness of expression with practical shrewdness. In his first letter, just when beginning to grapple with his task, Worsley says that he finds in the officers subordinated to him, "a spirit extraordinarily bent on the work," and he "plainly" discerns "the finger of God going along with it, which is indeed no small encouragement unto me. The sense of the work," he adds, "and my unworthiness and insufficiency as to the right management of it is my only present discouragement. Yet, however, this is the ground of my hope and comfort that the Lord is able to supply my wants and will appear in weak instruments for his glory to the perfecting of his work." Unfortunately space will not permit suitable extracts from these interesting letters. Worsley had been scarcely nine months in harness when the Protector seems to have summoned him and the other Majors General to a Conference in London, as the time was at hand when their provisional government was to cease, and a new Parliament to meet. "Indeed, sir, I am not well," writes Worsley from Warrington, to Thurloe, on receiving the summons. "My intent was to have taken a little rest, at my coming home, and sound physic: but seeing I have received this command, I intend (if the Lord will) to be with you with all speed." The speed seems to have been too much for him. He died soon after his arrival at St. James's Palace (where apartments had some years before been assigned him and his family), on the 12th of June, 1657, at the early age of thirty-five. He was honoured with burial in Henry VII.'s chapel, and the Puritan pomp of his military funeral befitted his office, his services, and the love which the Protector bore him.

Strangely enough, Worsley escaped the general exhumation and degradation which, when His Majesty Charles II. was restored, befel the remains of the Puritan notabilities buried in Westminster Abbey. Some years ago, search was made in Henry VII.'s chapel for the missing body of James I., and in the course of it a coffin was opened, which, according to Dean Stanley, must have been that of Worsley. Its contents were carefully replaced, and in all probability, among the dust of English Kings and Queens, now reposes that of the Lancashire linen-draper's son, the first member for Manchester.

VERDANT GREEN'S DERBY TIP.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE SPHINX.

SIR,—I no longer come before you *in formâ pauperis*. I have turned my back upon Queer Street for ever, and have redeemed those valuables which I had left in the custody of my uncle at Number One Round the Corner. You will wonder how this happy change in my circumstances has come about; and how, instead of sitting in sackcloth and on ashes, I now "sit on velvet," as the *Prophetic Bell* observes in that peculiar racing phraseology which it affects and adopts from the sporting newspapers. This happy change in my circumstances has not arisen from my following the advice or backing the tips of the *Prophetic Bell*. No, sir, I HAVE BECOME A TIPSTER; I have joined the goodly fellowship of the prophets. The *Prophetic Bell* and his ally "A Backer of Horses," who replied to me in the *Sphinx*, said I knew nothing of racing matters; and, in answer to my strictures upon the *P. B.'s* tips, feebly urged that Bothwell had been "sent" for a place for the Two Thousand Guineas, and that Mortemer and Indian Ocean had been advised at "long shots" for the Chester Cup, but coolly ignored the long list of other horses which the *P. B.* had recommended backing for these and other races. Supposing that I know little or nothing of racing matters, following the example of the *P. B.* himself, there is nothing in that to prevent me becoming a turf prophet. The *Prophetic Bell*, while censuring me, refers to the letter of the "Backer of Horses" in the *Sphinx*, and thanks him for his "gentlemanly" notice and defence. This reminds me very much of Mr. Oily Gammon, in the novel *Ten Thousand a-Year*, on a celebrated occasion proposing his own health.

Having graduated since you last heard from me in the school of the *Prophetic Bell* and other sporting papers, you will perceive that I am quite familiar with racing slang. I know all about "going for a raker," "a moral," such and such a horse's "journey," hedging and ditching, and all the well-known vocabulary. As I desire to put your readers "up to a good thing" for the Derby next week, I forward to you the subjoined racing intelligence which I have collected, at a vast expense, from my reliable correspondents—touts and horse-watchers attached to the various stables of the Derby horses.

To begin with, there is Bothwell, the first favourite and winner of the Two Thousand Guineas. Well, Bothwell is at the short price of 7 to 4 against him, and as he won the Rowley mile race easily enough, beating King of the Forest and a lot of others, I should not advise your readers to stand against him. If he can gallop faster than any other horse in the Derby, and can stay longer, he is sure to win if he does not lose. At the same time, if any other horse beats him he will not win. Bothwell is a horse with a very large head. Whether there is much inside his head I cannot say, but his trainer, Mr. Thomas Dawson, has plenty of brains inside his own cranium, and Bothwell's forte may lie more in his heels than in his head. He is bred by Stockwell from Katherine Logie. His famous sire is only lately dead, and as both names end in Well, and Shakespere wrote *All's Well that Ends Well*, probably the poet had this identical event in prophetic view when he wrote his play. Those who are partial to mysterious tips made known to them in dreams and by supernatural phantasies, may make what they can out of this hint. The *Prophetic Bell* commences his last number of *The P. B. Private Intelligence Circular* with the remark, "Shakespere understood racing," so it is evident that for once the *P. B.* and I are "in the same stable." Bothwell's ancestor and namesake was a very wicked animal, and he, in league with Queen Mary—of Scot's (not Mr. I'Anson's famous old mare, Queen Mary), made mincemeat of Lord Darnley by blowing him to pieces.

Albert Victor, by Marsyas—Princess of Wales, and named after the young Sandringham, Princeling, is another favourite, although he had an attack of pencil fever last week. The Odger-Podger division are going against this colt, but I should not advise your readers to follow that lot. Albert Victor won the Middle Park Plate last October, and the Bien-

nial Stakes at Newmarket a few weeks since, where he was run to a head by Baron Rothschild's Zephyr colt, who is also a great Derby favourite.

The un-named Zephyr colt is by Parmesan, and Hounsditch looks upon him as quite "the cheese." If "this too, too solid flesh could melt, thaw, and resolve itself into a Jew," probably I should have more confidence in Baron Rothschild's colt than I have at present; but as there is any amount of money behind him, perhaps it would be prudent to stand in a little with the Baron, who can afford to be liberal. I wish he would name his horse. Suppose he were to call him Gossamer, in allusion to his dam, and then, as Friar Lawrence tells us that a lover may bestride the gossamers, Mr. Romeo Warde, who has been getting down to the proper weight at the Prince's Theatre, might be secured to ride him.

Ravenshoe, by Cathedral, ran third to Albert Victor and Zephyr colt in the Biennial. Still people keep backing him for heaps of money. Before that race the critics described him as a great overgrown ungainly brute, but now they have discovered sundry beautiful qualities about him, and no doubt if he wins he will be described as a model of a horse. He is as big as his sire. I cannot stand him myself; but as I am not very tall I could easily stand under him. I mention him to your readers in order that I may not leave him out.

A Derby would scarcely be a Derby without a representative of Mr. James Merry in it, and a prominent favourite into the bargain. King of the Forest, by Scottish Chief, ran third to Bothwell in the Two Thousand Guineas race, and was predicted by the *P.B.*, along with Sterling to win, which neither of them did. Horses which have run third for the Guineas, have sometimes, like Kettledrum and Kingcraft, turned the tables and won the Derby, but I don't expect to see King of the Forest accomplish this. Mr. Merry, however, is not safe to stand against, so he must be kept on the safe side; Mr. Merry has another horse in the race which has been backed at outside prices for a considerable sum of money. This is the colt by Thormanby—Miss Ann, but I think King of the Forest is the real Simon Pure. It is good to be Merry and wise; it is good to be honest and true; it is good to be off with the old love before you are on with the new. Consequently, I should advise your readers to stick to King of the Forest is preference to the Miss Ann colt, as his owner remains true to his first love.

Pearl, understood to belong to Mr. H. Chaplin, M.P., is a filly by Newminster—Caller Ou, and has been heavily backed. Her breeding is undeniable. As pearls are taken from oyster shells, so we presume the mare derives her name from *Caller Ou'*, the Scottish fish-wives' cry of fresh oysters. Caller Ou' used to win lots of races on the Castle Irwell course, and won the St. Leger, after starting at 100 to 1 to win against her. In 1851, Newminster, the sire of Pearl, won the St. Leger. Precisely ten years afterwards, in 1861, her dam, Caller Ou', won the same race. Now another decade has elapsed, and it may be Pearl's turn to secure the same prize at Doncaster in 1871. This looks ominous, but as Pearl's near relative, the famous Blink Bonny, won the Derby, why should not she accomplish the same feat? Pearl is a small filly, but so was her grand-aunt, Blink Bonny, so that an investment on Pearl may not be thrown away.

I have now nearly exhausted my list from which the winner is likely to spring. Grand Coup, by the French horse Gladiateur, who won the Two Thousand, Derby, and St. Leger in 1865, must not be lost sight of. Grand Coups and Coups d'Etat have been at a discount lately, and they are thinking of sending to Chiselhurst for a jockey. If his owner should win, it would be indeed by a Grand Coup. The two Caractacus colts, Cricklade and Cincinnatus, have also been backed. The former appears to have gone to pot, so I recommend your readers to have nothing to do with him. Cincinnatus, like his Roman prototype, is trained in private, and may, like his predecessor, be taken literally from the plough, and yet win all his engagements. It now only remains to back the field against the horses I have named and we cannot escape the winner. A short arithmetical calculation will show the result.

VERDANT GREEN.

PRICES OF PICTURES.—Mr. G. D. Leslie, A.R.A., has a picture in the Royal Academy Exhibition for which, it is said, he has received £2,000. One of Mr. Millais's contribution is *Moses, Aaron, and Hur*, and the report is that he asks £2,000 for it.

TOWN TALK,
AND THINGS IN GENERAL.

FIFTY YEARS TOO LATE.

IN the reprint lately issued of the first number of the *Manchester Guardian*, bearing the date of the 5th of May, 1821, appears an advertisement, the only one of the kind, of the sale by auction, on the then following Monday, of the household furniture of a gentleman then lately deceased, to be held at his late residence. This paper was re-issued, as our readers may remember, on the 6th of this present month of May. Well, on the following Monday, the 8th May instant, three gentlemen of the furniture-broking persuasion presented themselves at an adjoining house, and inquired where the sale of furniture, which had been advertised, was to take place. They were brokers come to attend the sale, and, if possible, buy a cheap lot or two. Being met with a positive denial of there being any sale thereabouts on that day, one of the three triumphantly produced what he called last Saturday's *Guardian*, and pointed out the advertisement to the astonished resident. He, however, quickly turned the tables upon them by pointing out the date at the head of the paper—5th May, 1821—remarking at the same time, that after so long a nap it was no wonder that they were not quite wide awake yet! Hegira, or flight of the brokers in silence!

THEATRICAL WAIFS AND STRAYS.

The theatrical event of the year in Manchester will be the farewell performances of Miss Helen Faucit. They are expected to take place in the autumn, at the Theatre Royal. Another theatrical failure is reported, the *Gazette* announcing that Mr. John Curtis Cowper, formerly of this city, has presented a petition for liquidation by private arrangement. Mr. Cowper's assumption of the management of the Liverpool Theatre Royal was announced very widely only a month or six weeks ago, so that his career has been unusually brief. His first venture was to have been *Timon of Athens*, with the scenery and properties used at the Prince's Theatre revival, but it never came off. Mr. Buckstone's pecuniary difficulties, by the way, are not due to losses incurred at the Haymarket Theatre in London, but to the fact that he had invested the bulk of his savings in French securities, with a result which the war sufficiently explains. Two practices are becoming ridiculously common in our theatres: one is the making of speeches on benefit nights by managers, star actors, and even actresses (Miss Madge Robertson is down for "an address" this very week in Liverpool); the other is the appearances before the curtain at the end of every act. For the last-named custom, the audience is chiefly to blame; for the former, the actors, who are rarely if ever good speech-makers. Both practices are more honoured in the breach. As for calls before the curtain they have, through their frequency, lost all significance.

"AN ENGLISH GENTLEMAN" IN LONDON.

The freaks of the dramatic critics of the London press are, indeed, incomprehensible. After drivelling the most abject eulogies of all sorts of feeble entertainments, they have suddenly turned round, without the slightest warning, put on the whole armour of criticism, and pitched into this unfortunate production in a style in which we hardly ever saw a play pitched into by the London press before. Mr. Byron is no longer "that most prolific and experienced dramatist," but a writer who has too long "flooded the stage with his Brummagem wares." The piece was played in Manchester, and as our readers will remember, was not a good piece by any means, but it was infinitely better than a score of pieces which have been received with rapture by the London press. The critic of the *Daily News*, of course, inserts his standing paragraph about the dress rehearsals in the country prior to the pieces being submitted to the "more critical" ordeal of a London audience, and then goes on to state how frantically favourable was that critical verdict upon a piece he condemns. Indeed, the verdict of the house appears to have been as favourable as the verdict of the press was adverse; but a first night's audience is no criterion, and the press is a great power. *An English Gentleman* is doomed. If this could be taken as the promise of a return to a higher standard of criticism on the part of the London papers, one *English Gentleman*—and such a one—might well be sacrificed; but unfortunately it is only the temporary freak of a collection of atoms who have no standard and are guided by no canon,

and who may next week go into ecstacies over something infinitely worse. Under these circumstances, one feels that it is rather hard lines for the poor "concocter of inane burlesques." The piece is the natural result of the dishonest and incompetent performance of their duties by the very critics who have now so suddenly grown virtuous.

TO AND FROM LYMM.

A MAY-DAY RAMBLE.

WE have often thought that there is a certain parallelism between the First of April and the First of May—a similar kind of admixture of liveliness and folly. On one or other of these days there is a sort of search made into various seldom-used chambers of the mind. Then takes place a general brushing away of all useless cobwebs of remembrance, a spring cleaning and sweeping out of all dust and ashes of regret from them; the windows of the soul are opened, and the fresh air of a coming summer and the cheering daylight of ever-brightening hope once more fit the inner man, as a tenement swept and garnished anew, for the reception of all that the golden future may bring. With such vague but many-crowded fancies, we resolved to spend May-day, or the best part of it, in the country—*sub Dio*—in the open air. For we had heard tales of the woods and fields; that each tree was showing its unmatched leaves in tints of numberless variety; that the ever-changing face of the plain and hill-side seemed by ceaseless play of feature to be instinct with life, and that the old merry month of May had come once more.

May morning in Manchester was of a negative goodness as to weather. Early, it had been fine and almost bright, but the stoker, having had breakfast, would show what he could do. Can't he

> take from us the bounteous sky
> Through which Aurora shows her smiling face?

Of course he can—does, in fact—Mr. Talbot (salary-vexed) notwithstanding. It was dull, therefore, overhead, dull as an old pewter spoon, when, viâ Birmingham-street, we ascended to the little side station, resolved to take a third-class ticket to Lymm. Finding that the trap-door of the booking office was closed, we called our attention to our surroundings. First, we made a study of the passengers, arriving and "arrove." Of the latter, some half-dozen, part smoking, all taciturn, "a party in a parlour," in fact. Railway literature on the walls, chiefly long columns of figures, as if waiting to be added up; information, to be understood by scientific students only, or, mayhap, an "equine analyst." One bill told its story intelligibly enough; it was about trains from Oxford Road to Knutsford, for May-pole purposes. But we didn't want to go there. A little further examination showed us also how to get to many other places which we didn't, any more, want to reach that day, or, in fact, any day, such as Gosport, of which we know nothing, or Penkridge, of which we know less and feel willing to remain in ignorance. At last we found Lymm.

The company increases. The third-class is predominating. Wouldn't second-class be better with so many people about—excursionists on account of its being May-day, or Monday, or both. The difference between that class and the first was, we noticed, fivepence. We could save fivepence. Why couldn't it have been sixpence?' Fivepence is no sort of a sum. You can't do anything, satisfactorily, with fivepence. We were looking about at an old bookstall the other day, and asked the price of a little book, whose chief curiosity in our eyes lay in our never having heard of it. "Fivepence," was the hesitating answer. Now the man had evidently asked as near sixpence as he dared, but he clearly thought it was not worth sixpence. There was a studied denial of any bargaining ground here, so we retired. But the little door opened at last, and we were suddenly called upon to decide. "One first for Lymm," we sang out, and securing our ticket and change, we squeezed from the narrow gangway, two uninstructed holiday seekers, who had begun at the wrong end, and made our way to a compartment which was transformed into a smoking carriage for our special benefit.

More cheering signs soon showed themselves. Beyond Old Trafford there were large patches of blue sky, and the sun drove his white horses swiftly over the expanse, as we crossed the Mersey with a rattle, and soon after left the Bowdon track with a jerk and a twist, gliding next slowly to Broadheath. Dunham, the ham or hamlet of the "dune" or hill, we took as little notice of as we did of Heatley. We seemed to approach them slowly, and as soon as we got to them they slipped quickly further away behind us, and the Plough, at Lymm, soon received us under its shed and offered to share its bounty with us. "Ye generous Britons" (who live at Lymm) "venerate the plough," but not in an excessive degree, lest it make furrows of regret on your visage.

"It is now some twenty years ago," as that tiresome old card, the heavy father, says, after having brought the inevitable two chairs from the back of the stage to the footlights, some twenty years since there came into our possession, a coloured map of the country for several miles around Manchester. A linen back, dexterously affixed in our youth, has preserved it from utter ruin. This is the oracle and chosen companion of our excursions. Other maps, the ordnance and its numerous offspring, leave nothing to be desired but doubtfulness and uncertainty. But these are two of the very things we can't do without, and this is the reason why we go by our map. There is an inconsistency, for the most part, between the roads on our map and the roads of actual fact, so that, when after consulting the oracle you have pursued your way on foot for an hour or two, you find yourself at a place whither you had no intention of going, and would probably never have seen, but for the happy accident that took you thither. A little conversation with the young man who was driving the Plough showed us that Heatley would have served our primary intention better, but should we then have seen how the aforesaid agricultural institution looked when that bright May sun was beaming love, or have had that delightful saunter back, as one may say, to Heatley? We trow not. Not that Heatley was our destination; it was but our *point du départ*. We were bound for a nobler place, Warburton.

Heatley passed, the road inclines to the left, and a gentle rise brings us to the bridge over the Bollin, which had just escaped, foaming and dishevelled, from a contest with huge wheels in or under the flour mill on the right. Here the morning was in its prime. The sky was clear, and a gentle breeze stirred the branches, re-adorned with their light green foliage. "Up springs the lark, shrill-voiced and loud, the messenger of morn." Green, of every hue, is all around. But the merry song-birds continually, by fresh bursts, a perfect waste of music, claim your undivided attention. The thrush is easily, but not without rivalry, king of these coy choristers.

> The blackbird whistles from the thorny brake,
> The mellow bullfinch answers from the grove.
> Joined to these
> Innumerous songsters modulation mix,
> Mellifluous. The jay, the rook, the daw,
> And each harsh pipe, discordant heard alone,
> Aid the full concert; while the stock-dove breathes
> A melancholy murmur through the whole.

A few minutes more bring us to Warburton. Warburton, Werburgh or Warburgh's-town, is a place of the highest antiquity. The birth-place, most probably, of a holy woman, called to be a saint, Warburgh, the daughter of Wulfyr the Saxon, so-called, the early English proprietor of the soil, it became the seat of an ecclesiastical foundation, and later on one moiety of it and the church and the lands of the lordship were given to the monks of St. Warburgh, a branch established at Chester—canons (persons living by rule) of the Præmonstratensian order, an offshoot, probably of the Franciscans. A little turn to the left brings us to the churchyard, entering which, you come almost suddenly on the church. It is built north and south, and has at the south end a small modern tower of very common brickwork. The upper part is covered with some kind of ivy, about half a yard deep, which affords a home, a birth-place, probably, to a numerous flock of birds, who are very busy at chattering and whistling, if at nothing else. A multitude of them flew out on to a neighbouring yew, at our approach. The church is small, but may be of any age, indeed of several ages The tower, as we have seen, is modern. A good part of the (conventional) north wall is of roughly squared red sandstone of 1645. There is a "brass" inside, of a deceased rector of 1659. A considerable portion of the (conventional) south side is of the black and white of a præ-Tudor age. At the further end of the churchyard is a large house, the rectory. The rector is, we believe, at present, non-resident. In a garden adjoining are the pedestal stones of an ancient cross, but the cross is absent; and in the churchyard, by the tower, lies a large stone sarcophagus, now empty, with moveable lid of stone. What has

become of the contents is not clear. Some of the graves are nicely kept, with flowers and shrubs, and there are several choice epitaphs. One, in memory of two little girls, we transcribed. After giving the names and dates, it proceeds—

Flosculi
Morte væ nimis præpropera decerpti
Parentum olim in terris deliciæ
Nunc in cœlc angelorum
Obdormivit in Christo—1844.

Warburton is certainly one of the most old-fashioned and pretty villages we ever saw. Coming back to where we left the high-road, we find ourselves at the approach of a bridge, over the Mersey, here of considerable breadth. The disbursement of a halfpenny passed us through the gate, and standing on the crown of the single arched bridge, we seemed at once to be in a new country. The rectory house appeared to be a tall strong building, standing on a steep cliff, rising direct from the river. Higher up the river was the old ferry-house and landing-place of Hollin-fare or Hollin-ferry. There was the flat plain of South Lancashire in front, and, seen through the trees to the west, down the river, the wooded scarp of Hill Cliff. This bridge has taken the place of, or rather has succeeded to, the old ferry which is no longer used. The river is under the jurisdiction of the Old Quay Company, which now means, we suppose, the Bridgewater Trustees, and besides the ordinary flats, two boats for goods and passengers are kept voyaging from the New Bailey to Warrington and back. One is an old-fashioned horse packet, and the other is a screw steamer. Coming up the towing path on the river side, to Hollin-fare, we saw the steamer, gaily dressed with every variety of the Union Jack, arrive at the landing-place, on its way to Warrington. It leaves the New Bailey at 8 a.m. and is due here at 11. It calls here again, on its return, about 4 p.m. Some very pretty quiet river scenery makes a deck passage from this point up the river to Eccles landing-place a very enjoyable way of spending a couple of hours, as we have the pleasure to know.

Leaving the steamer, we strolled up into the ancient and quiet village of Hollins Green. Here were no works or manufacture of any kind—a purely, or impurely, agricultural village, asleep, going, as it appeared to our city eyes, softly to decay. But we were not going by the boat, nor to spend much time in Hollins Green ; so, after refreshing ourselves at an old-fashioned hostelry, the Old Black Swan, we took fairly to the road. This was the old coach road between Manchester and Liverpool viâ Warrington. All along the road, at intervals, were the old taverns, with stabling for from twenty to a hundred horses. The taverns remain, half deserted, with a few tramps or labourers only, for customers, as if stunned by the shock of the sudden loss of their business. The stables show signs of some attempt here and there to convert them to other uses, but they remain, for the most part, monuments of the unversatility of the tavern-keeping mind.

Cadishead is next reached. It is nearly as stagnant as Hollins Green. Then Irlam—Irwell-ham—struggles bravely for existence. It has been, we fancy, removed to or re-created at other places, more than once, and has now got several new rows of houses and new shops well occupied. Another stretch brings us through Patricroft village to Eccles, of which we have before sung. So, calling only for a few moments, on the *genius loci*, "never removed," we take the train for Hunt's Bank, well satisfied with our first sniff of country air.

THOUGHTS ON SUNDAY SCHOOLS.

LANCASHIRE has been famous for Sunday Schools. Famous or eminent as regards their number and extent, that is, the quantity of children usually in attendance. Many persons, however, thinking people too, have, of late, doubted whether Sunday Schools have, after all, done any real good. If, however, the generality of children, the children of the great bulk of the population, can receive their week-day education by means of the provisions and the working out of the principles of the Education Act, Sunday Schools will have to execute that proverbially difficult manœuvre of "changing front," and must henceforth be devoted to what, after all, suggests itself instinctively as their proper work, the instruction of the children of the poorer classes in the doctrine and principles of religion.

Here we must take the bull by the horns, and most positively and distinctly assert that religion is a subject for instruction as much as is either grammar, arithmetic, or geography. An education can be made a religious one as it can be made a grammatical one or an arithmetical one, but to no greater extent and in no other manner. And since differing opinions, or rather, to our mind, the excessive importance which has been attached to some one opinion or dogma, for it is the same word only in Greek instead of English, have led people to segregate themselves into distinct assemblages, it is plain that all cannot agree as to what, in the way of religion, is to be taught to children and what ought not to be taught them. All, however, agree that children ought to receive religious instruction of some kind, and as it is quite out of our province to point out the kind, we must consider how Sunday Schools can best be made available for the giving of religious instruction to children.

Now, first of all. We must assume that there can be no *religious* instruction which is not *Christian* instruction. This we take to be an axiom, a postulate, which everybody must admit ; and we will repeat, after that man of wide sympathies and liberal views—the Bishop of Manchester—that Christian instruction necessarily involves the teaching, to some extent, of dogma. It is a dogma that there is a God, or that the Holy Scriptures are of authority, more or less, and so on. Now, all dogmatic teaching, or the teaching of dogmas, is in the hands of the teacher, or of those under whose direction he is giving instruction, so that the religious instruction given, must, as a matter of course, be of the dogmatic character of the church or religious body to which the teacher, or his associates, profess to belong.

It seems to have been by far too much taken for granted that a Sunday School teacher can be made out of any young man or young woman who is willing to act in that capacity. No mistake can be greater. The intending teacher is often ignorant of the great truths which he has, or ought, to teach, and requires to be himself instructed in what to teach, and what is often overlooked, how to teach it. For it by no means follows that because a person knows a thing he is therefore able to teach it. He certainly can *not*, if he does not know his subject, for teaching is an art which has to be learnt like any other accomplishment, and a teacher is clearly of no use except he can teach. A new teacher should therefore be trained before being allowed to take charge of a class, by being placed for a while as second or assistant-teacher in a class in the hands of some skilful teacher, so that the best methods may be learnt. Besides all this, the most able and accomplished teachers will fail utterly, unless he comes regularly and punctually. If he comes irregularly, and without regard to punctuality when he does come, the class will be sure to follow his example. And in order to ensure the observance of his own commands, let him show his scholars an example of obedience by quickly and cheerfully conforming to the rules of the school.

It is, perhaps, a delicate subject to touch upon, but we must, nevertheless, say that the teachers of the girls' classes, the young ladies, or ladies more or less young, who take those classes, often show a most lamentable want of discretion on their own parts. The girls very early form part of the wage-receiving class, and having, very often, little or nothing to pay for their maintenance, they think nothing can be too "smart" for them. The desire for personal adornment is a perfectly natural instinct in women of every age, and under judicious advice may be made one of the means of improvement, but if the teacher habitually dresses in a gaudy, smart style, the attention of the scholars will be diverted from their lesson to a mental appraisement of the teacher's dress ; and they are afterwards led into excessive expenditure of their small means, in

some unsatisfactory attempt at imitation or rivalry. The poor girls are working, among ignorant companions for the most part, at the very age when school instruction and school habits would have been of the utmost value to them, and the teacher, if she be unable to advise them on this subject, should at least set them an example of propriety.

Now as to the manner of teaching. We will at once dismiss as unworthy of serious argument the common practice of teaching reading to the younger classes in Sunday Schools by means of the Bible or any other book. Reading is to be taught on week-days, and religious instruction, and that only, given in the Sunday School. We would no more teach reading than we would teach writing at the time for religious teaching. Those who can read, and read well, may be instructed by means of the various manuals compiled for the purpose, though we have seldom met with a good one. In all ranks of a Church school a certain portion of time ought to be occupied with the Church Catechism, and the entire course of instruction should be with a view to subsequent Confirmation. But the teaching upon any subject should be *short*. However carefully a lesson may have been prepared by the teacher, it would be of no use to the children if delivered in a heavy, serious way, with argumentative reasoning, or even a quick and fluent style of speaking. The object will be lost, the children will be tired, and harm will be done rather than good. A long continuation of any exercise whatever, whether at singing, prayer, or instruction, catechising or other, is most inexpedient. Their little memories and understandings, as well as their physical weakness, cannot have a long pull upon them, but need the refreshment of constant variety, and the children receive the greatest benefit from constant and varied employment and frequent singing and exercises. It does not at all follow that because children cannot, at the time of instruction, understand perfectly all that they are being taught they are none the better for it. We by no means think that

> —— heavenly notes
> To childish ears are vain;
> That the young mind at random floats,
> And cannot reach the strain.
>
> Dim or unheard, the words may fall,
> And yet, the heaven-taught mind
> May learn the sacred air, and all
> The harmony unwind.

The government of a Sunday School is a very important matter. There ought to be a carefully-selected code of rules for the guidance of the superintendent and teachers, but there should be a central authority somewhere, unlimited and quasi-despotic. Whether it is the minister of the church alone, which, seeing that he is the authorized religious teacher of the congregation, inclusive of the teachers, he may well be, or a school-committee of church officers and superintendents, which is a weak substitute, there should be an absolute head somewhere, and the jurisdiction ought never to be entrusted to the teachers themselves.

The welfare of a school depends frequently upon the superintendent. He should be active, judicious, and popular; and there should be a male superintendent in the girls' school as well as in that of the boys. It is to him that the boy's school will be indebted for teachers. Some men will, no one knows why, scarcely ever want a teacher, but he has three or four to his hand, and others, not at all their inferiors in other respects, will find life a burden, owing to a perpetual dearth of teachers. But he should never teach or be expected to "take a class." He is responsible for the ordinary good conduct of the school, and should be ready and alert to reprove, exhort, and praise.

Nothing so much cheers and braces up the teachers and superintendents, as the frequent personal presence of the pastor, whether he be priest, parson, or minister. On his entrance he should give a kindly greeting, which all should stand up, and, as with one voice, return; and the teacher then feels put upon his mettle to keep in order and instruct his class, the children are conscious of the increased care and solicitude bestowed upon them, and the superintendent surveys with greater anxiety and interest his "bright and ordered files."

One thing more may we say in view of the approaching Whitsuntide. Let the managers of Sunday Schools see if more cannot be done to keep the children interested and amused at home, that is, at their own schools or in their immediate neighbourhood. Those long excursions, either by railway or boat, are full of risk and danger, not to health alone, but to morality and virtue. A field or two to play in and a barn for shelter or refreshment is to a town-child as the enchanted gardens of the Hesperides, and a journey by lurry or wagon of three or four miles will secure this, better than a forty miles' railway journey. We have always advocated the joining of a portion of the congregation in these festivities. They will be no restraint, or ought not to be any, and they will lend increased authority to the hard-working teachers, and encourage them in their works and labour of love.

THE BILLIARD CHAMPION AT MOSS SIDE.

IN a previous paper we sketched a popular billiard room in Moss Side, and a few of its best known frequenters. As we then explained, the room is without many of the objectionable features of such resorts. There is, of course, considerable consumption of tobacco and beer, but ordinarily the dissipations are mild, innocent, and cheap. Betting is not quite unknown, but it is very occasional and exceedingly moderate. Formerly the excitements of the place never reached a greater height than those occasioned by a match between two amateur enthusiasts, or between an ambitious amateur and "James." But with the series of struggles for the Billiard Championship the normal condition of the room has altered considerably, and Mr. Dickson, the ever-amiable but sometimes sleepy proprietor, has occasionally been known to keep awake without the assistance of some "horsey" friend up to extraordinary late hours. For it is here that Mr. Roberts, junior, trains himself for the great encounter with Cook, which is to take place in London at the end of the present month, and his presence lends an attraction and excitement to the Moss Side rooms to which they are almost strangers.

All interested in billiards know something of the alterations which have recently been made in the construction of the tables on which the matches for the championship take place. The breadth of the pockets has been considerably diminished; and the "spot" has been placed so much nearer the cushion, that the spot-stroke, with which such marvellous things have been done, becomes almost impracticable. On the old-fashioned, large-pocketed table, almost every shot was played with some intention, immediate or remote, of attaining position for the spot-stroke. With the new arrangement that particular stroke is so difficult that many consecutive spot shots are never made or attempted. The struggle for the championship of course requires careful preparation. Previous to Roberts's match with Bennett, a special table was put down at our old friend "Joe's," at Moss Side. Some weeks ago, in anticipation of the match between Roberts and Cook, the table was again put down. Hence arose important changes in the phenomena of the room. The alterations in the construction of the tables have had considerable influence on the conditions of play. Very rapid scoring is, as a rule, out of the question. Such gigantic breaks as have occasionally been made off the spot are now unattainable. So far as we remember, no break of a hundred has yet been scored in a public match, though one of the first breaks played by Roberts on this new table reached the extraordinary number of a hundred and thirty-one. Now and then, too, Roberts demolishes a conceited opponent by finishing a game off the balls; but such feats are rare, and subjects for endless wonder among the scientific beholders.

To our mind, the Champion Table is admirably suited for Roberts's style of play. Whether from a popular or scientific point of view, it is most interesting to watch him as he may be seen at Dickson's when the fates are propitious. He is, whilst playing, intensely earnest and absorbed, speaking to no one, and noticing nothing that goes on around. Jokes and chaff pass without touching him. When waiting, he stands perfectly still, watching his opponent's play eagerly. Whilst playing he never hesitates; no possible combination puzzles him, and he is never for a second in doubt as to the stroke which is to follow. His intense earnestness, the speed with which he walks round the table, and the extraordinary rapidity with which he scores, all combine to give a spectator an idea of hard work rather than what is generally understood by the word play. The champion's figure gives him the advantage of a long reach, and his style is as graceful as it is brilliant. The power he has of bringing the balls together, as though drawn to each other by some magnetic influence, and when they are together, the skill with which he "nurses" them, keeping them almost in the same spot for ten minutes possibly, are sufficient to excite the profoundest wonder. Occasionally he may appear to the uninitiated to miss an easy shot, but such accidents only happen owing to the difficulty of leaving the balls for the next stroke. Such criticism is only uttered by those who forget, or who do not know, that it is not so much for any particular single score that such a player exerts himself as for the break. He is always playing, so to speak, one stroke or more ahead. Roberts has, too, the advantage of infinite self-confidence. At times, we fancy, this may lead him to despise an adversary too greatly, and so to neglect sufficiently careful preparation. But, on the other hand, it utterly forbids what is known in billiard colloquism as "funking." He is never beaten whilst he has a chance of another stroke. The demeanour and carriage of the champion in the billiard room are admirable. His bearing is beyond reproach—quiet, dignified, and gentlemanly. Indeed, the vast improvement in personal style introduced by the three greatest players of the day cannot but have a beneficial effect on the social atmosphere of billiards. The fascination exercised by Mr. Roberts's wonderful play is so great that it is responsible for some curious vagaries on the part of some of the staidest frequenters of the room. Even the ablest and most enthusiastic of Volunteer Captains has, in consequence, been known to forget his military punctuality.

The frequent presence in our midst of such a luminary in the sphere of billiards has not been without great effect. Such times as the Champion has been able to appear have been high carnival at Dickson's. Roberts's appearance has had a decidedly improving influence on the general style of the better players, to the infinite delight of James—best and most irreproachable of markers. The less skilful players have copied him sedulously, even imitating little tricks of manner, but generally producing in their play nothing better than a burlesque of the original. One and all are willing to encounter the Champion, who is, of course, prepared to give almost any number of points. At times "Joe" himself, facetiously named the Champion of Moss Side, will play, receiving perhaps eighty points in a hundred, and generally a beating in addition. To more skilful players like Redbridge, Young, and Worth, who are good amateur billiard players, with a pretty and scientific style, Roberts is prepared to give sixty-five in a hundred with varying success. Our old friend Hollins, of course, appears with due prominence. Hollins has, *miserabile dictu*, of late not met his chum and rival, and now occupies by right of proved ability the position of Champion Fluker of the room. The new table is regarded by Mr. Hollins with very mixed feelings. As will have been gathered from our description, flukes are much seldomer made with the smaller than with the larger pockets of the old table. On that account the Fluker prefers as far as possible to confine his exertions to the easier table. Still Mr. Hollins—who amongst other peculiarities never plays a match unless with the strongest reason to think that he has the best of it, and never by any accident wins one if he has any pecuniary interest in it—is generally ready to meet the Champion and sometimes is able to beat him, numerous points of course being given. One marvels to think of the wonderful stories which will in future years be told to unbelieving friends on the subject.

When the Champion is not present there is always abundant eagerness to play on the new table. But we are obliged to confess that after watching such play as Roberts's it is just a little tiresome to sit out slower and less skilful games. To such strife we will leave our friends for the present to meet some of them again to-night (Friday) to watch the match between Roberts and Bowell; the last, it is said, to be played by Roberts previously to his struggle for the championship, with Cook, next week.

BRADSHAW'S GUIDE.

[POSITIVELY THE LAST PARODY OF EXCELSIOR.]

THE shades of night were falling fast,
As in a Hansom cab there passed
A youth, who grasped in fingers tight
A pamphlet, with the title trite,
Of Bradshaw's Guide.

A row he made: he ground his teeth;
He swore himself quite out of breath;
And still he cried, "May I be hung
If I can make out right or wrong
This Bradshaw's Guide."

In snug hotels he saw the sight
Of Bagmen smug, housed for the night;
Ahead the railway signals shone,—
He muttered, still in undertone,
"Oh! Bradshaw's Guide."

"Don't ride third-class," the porter said,
"They'll make you wait for hours ahead;
Best stay in the express to ride,
'Twill save the cost in time," they cried,
"See Bradshaw's Guide."

"Oh stay!" the waitress said, "and test
Our bitter beer—'tis Bass's best;"
A leer beamed from his weather eye,
Yet still he answered thus—"O my!
"This Bradshaw's Guide."

"Beware some rival comp'ny's branch,
And don't at Mugby have a lunch;"
This was th' inspector's last good night.
A voice replied—"Here! hold a light
To Bradshaw's Guide."

Some time next day, as through the street,
The news-boys tramped with naked feet,
Bawling their literary wares:
"For papers," cried a voice, "who cares—
With Bradshaw's Guide?"

A passenger to somewhere bound,
Half hid was midst his luggage found;
But still he held, secure and tight,
The pamphlet with the legend trite,
Of Bradshaw's Guide.

As in a luggage van he lay,
A voice from somewhere seemed to say,
(See "Twinkle, twinkle, little star,")
"Oh! how I wonder what you are,
"You—Bradshaw's Guide!"

ENGLISH VANDALS.—Mr. Gambier Parry, of Highnam, near Gloucester, has been obliged to close his pinetum, containing a rare and valuable collection of foreign plants, to the public, on account of the serious damage the plants have sustained at the hands of some of the Sunday visitors. Several valuable Japanese conifers, lately introduced into England, have been cut to pieces; and a rare and interesting little pine, lately brought from the Himalaya Mountains by Sir William Hooker (the distinguished botanist), after a few years of careful cultivation, has been cut off within a few inches of the ground.

PRINCE'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
Proprietors, the Prince's Theatre Company Limited.

Last Two Nights of
MISS NEILSON.
Friday and Saturday,
ROMEO AND JULIET.
MISS NEILSON, as JULIET.
MR. VANDENHOFF, as MERCUTIO.

The same Evening,
MR. COMPTON, as SAM SAVORY.

PRINCES'S THEATRE,
MANCHESTER.
On Monday Next will be produced
THE RIVALS,
With MR. COMPTON as BOB ACRES,
And MR. VANDENHOFF as SIR LUCIUS.

ALEXANDRA HALL, PETER-ST.
MANCHESTER.
This (FRIDAY), and to-morrow (SATURDAY),
Last Nights of
THE FRENCH CLOWNS,
The most wonderful Artistes that ever appeared in Manchester.

MONDAY Next,
First Appearance of
HERR WEISSENBACH,
In his Extraordinary Performance.
SIXTEEN DRUMS
at one time.

MR. FRANK MORDAUNT,
The celebrated Ventriloquist, and other Artistes.

KAYE'S WORSDELL'S PILLS.
THESE PILLS are a sure specific for HEADACHE, INDIGESTION, FLATULENCE, COMPLAINTS or AFFECTIONS of the STOMACH, LIVER, KIDNEYS, &c. They give immediate relief in cases of PERSISTENT COUGH, ASTHMA, CONSUMPTION, and other AFFECTIONS of the LUNGS. For GOUT, RHEUMATISM, &c., they are invaluable; they have been in use for upwards of half a century, and thousands have testified to the benefits experienced by their use.
Sold by all Chemists and other Dealers in Patent Medicines at 1s. 1½d., s. 9d., and 4s. 6d. per box.

TO CLEAN A SILK DRESS.—Use the Colloid referred to in the following paragraph. It is also invaluable for Washing Print Dresses and Coloured Frocks for Spring wear, while preserving their colours:—
NAPOLOID.—This is a Scented Vegetable Washing Powder. It appears likely to supersede the Washing Compounds in ordinary use, which so frequently rot the clothes, and cause the buttons to come off. The Sole Proprietors and Manufacturers of it, and of MACHER'S IMPROVED COLLOID, are Messrs. ALFRED WARD & Co., Withy Grove, Manchester.
SOLD BY ALL CHEMISTS AND GROCERS.

BLUE BOAR HOTEL, MARKET PLACE, MANCHESTER.—Restaurant daily from 1 to 3; DINNERS provided on the shortest notice; WINES, SPIRITS, CIGARS, &c., of the best quality.
F. BIDDOLPH, Proprietress.

ROYAL POMONA GARDENS.
BAND
EVERY MONDAY, WEDNESDAY, AND SATURDAY.
Admission, Sixpence each.

THE PEOPLE'S CONCERT HALL,
LOWER MOSLEY STREET, MANCHESTER.
Monday, May 22nd, and following Evenings,
Enthusiastic reception nightly and Last Six Nights of
HARRY RICKARDS
The Great Comic.

First appearance of the
HARVEY FAMILY,
Instrumentalists, Vocalists, Dancers, &c.

First appearance of Mr.
PETER POLLOCK,
The Renowned Characteristic Comic Vocalist, Scotch Comedian, and Author.

Immense Reception Nightly of
WOOD AND SONS,
Negro Vocalists, Instrumentalists, and Dancers; including one of the Smallest and most Talented Negro Performers in the World.

Great Success of
MISS ATKINSON,
Characteristic Vocalist and Dancer.

Great Success of
MR. AND MRS. MARK JOHNSON
In their powerful Burlesque Sketches.

Successful Engagement of
MR. DE MELVIN,
The Double-Voiced Vocalist and Female Impersonator.

NOTICE! NOTICE! NOTICE!
ON FRIDAY, MAY 26TH, 1871,
BENEFIT OF
MR. HARRY RICKARDS!!
Director of the Entertainments—Mr. Thomas Acton.

STALEY'S AROMATIC MIXTURE, for Cholera, Diarhœa, Bowel Complaint, Cramp in the Stomach, &c. Prepared from the celebrated Receipt of Dr. Trench.—Bottles, 1s. 1½d. and 2s. 9d. Woolley, Market Street; or the Proprietor, JOHN STALEY, Operative Chemist, 311, Chester Road, Hulme.

RUPTURES.—EXHIBITION PRIZE MEDAL, 1862, was awarded to R. WESTBURY, Inventor and Sole Maker of the
IMPERCEPTIBLE CURATIVE TRUSS,
Deformity Instruments, Elastic Stockings, and other Invalid Appliances.
26, OLD MILLGATE, MANCHESTER.

JOHN CHAMBERS, TAILOR and WOOLLEN DRAPER,
24 & 25, OLD MILLGATE, MARKET PLACE,
Corner of Cateaton Street.
List of Prices
Making and Trimming Suit .....30s.
Making and Trimming Coat .....17s. 6d.
Trousers and Waistcoat.....12s. 6d.
All articles leaving my establishment will be cut by myself, and made up under my own superintendence.

FASHIONS IN VELVET JACKETS, SILK JACKETS, and CLOTH JACKETS, at
RICHARD BATEMAN'S,
18 and 20, OLDHAM-ST. and DALE-ST.
We are now prepared with an Extensive STOCK in our MANTLE ROOM.
Rich SILK VELVET JACKETS at 2, 3, 4, 5, 7, and 10 guineas.
A Special Purchase of Rich French SILK VELVET JACKETS, very handsomely trimmed, real lace, &c., bought during the armistice much under value. Prices 6 to 14 guineas.
Rich GROS GRAIN SILK JACKETS, 2 to 5 guineas.
Fancy Coloured CLOTH JACKETS, 10s. to 2 guineas.
New Designs in Paisley and French Woven Long and Square SHAWLS, 1 to 12 guineas.
The REPP SHAWLS and PALLUM MANTLET, from 12s. 9d. to 2 guineas.
RICHARD BATEMAN,
18 and 20, OLDHAM-ST. and DALE-ST.

HATS,
THE NEWEST STYLES AND BEST VALUE,
AT
J. MURGATROYD'S,
198, DEANSGATE,
OPPOSITE JACKSON'S ROW.

HEALTH! DELICACY!! ECONOMY!!!

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
NOTICE.
[*Read this with care and attention.*]
THE MANUFACTORY of MAYAR'S SEMOLINA was established in 1815. It is the oldest and the largest in the world, Twenty-five million pounds being yearly produced. (25,000,000.)
Our SEMOLINA is the staple food in France, Russia, Spain, Italy, &c., and will soon be that of England. It has obtained
24 PRIZE MEDALS
in the Grand Exhibitions for its superiority over all others; and is pronounced by the most eminent members of the Medical Profession, both in London and in Paris, to be far more nutritious than Tapioca, Arrowroot, Corn Flour (which are only Starch), or any farinaceous food already introduced into this country. See Dr. Hassall's Analytical Report.
N.B.—Being determined to maintain its reputation, we again CAUTION the public that an imitation, to which a false and ridiculous name has been given, is introduced by a well-known firm, taking advantage of its name and publicity to sell a similar article of very inferior quality, to realise extra profits, and who advertise in favour of that article the qualities possessed by our Semolina.
As a proof of our assertion, we challenge a comparison by analysis between our SEMOLINA and the so-called *Pearlina*.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
After a trial is solely the heart of the very best Wheat.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
is richer than any other farinaceous food, in nitrogenous matter and gluten. Indispensable in the bone and muscular formation.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
No family Highly recommended by the Faculty for Children and Invalids.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
Is extremely nourishing and easily digested.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
will be makes delicious Puddings, Blancmange, Custards, and Pastry.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA.
without Unequalled for thickening Soups and Beef Tea.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
without SEM is the greatest delicacy, prepared as gruel, for Breakfast and Supper.

MAYAR'S SEMOLINA
OLINA. is very economical.
May be used with or without Milk.
Recipes on each Package.
6d. lb. in Packet, 8d. in Canister.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, &c.

HOMINY.
MAYAR'S HOMINY,
produced from the best Indian Maize, without any adulteration obtained by grinding, is far superior to the Maize Corn Flour already introduced in this country, which is only Starch obtained by a process of washing, which deteriorates entirely the quality, and is sold at a very high price.
Sold by all Chemists, Grocers, and Corn Dealers.
Wholesale at MAYAR'S, 36, MARK LANE, LONDON, E.C.
Wholesale Agents Wanted in every town.

ALEX. ROSS'S CELEBRATED HAIR PREPARATIONS.
HAIR DYE, 2s. 6d. HAIR DESTROYER, or Depilatory for Removing Hair from the Face, 3s. 6d. SPANISH FLY OIL, or Oil of Cantharides, for the Growth of Hair and Whiskers, 3s. 6d. ALEX. ROSS'S GREAT HAIR RESTORER, for Changing Grey Hair to its Proper Colour, 3s. 6d. Had of all Chemists in Manchester. ALEX ROSS, 248 High Holborn, London.

DUNKERLEY & FRANKS' UMBRELLAS
Are made on FOX'S Celebrated FRAMES, and Are Unequalled for QUALITY, DURABILITY, and PRICE.
7, SWAN STREET, NEW CROSS, MANCHESTER.

SEWING MACHINES.—THE GREATEST VARIETY OF THE BEST CLASS AT REDUCED PRICES
SEWING SILKS, THREADS, COTTON, NEEDLES, OIL, AND EVERY REQUISITE FOR SEWING MACHINES.—REPAIRS PROMPTLY EXECUTED.
J. HOLROYD PRACTICAL MACHINIST, 159 GREAT JACKSON STREET HULME.

CORNELIUS SHIERS, 84, SHUDEHILL.
The Best and Cheapest Paper Hangings in Manchester. Paper Hangings and Decorations at Wholesale Prices.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY.—On Whit-Thursday 1st, Friday 2nd, Saturday 3rd June, and every Saturday until further notice, CHEAP TICKETS will be issued to MOTTRAM, HADFIELD, and GLOSSOP, by the Train leaving Manchester (London Road Station) at 1 45 p.m., and Ardwick at 1 50 p.m.; returning from Glossop at 7 40 and 8 58 p.m., Hadfield at 7 46 and 9 p.m., and Mottram at 7 55 and 9 10 p.m.

FARES FOR THE DOUBLE JOURNEY.

	1st Class.	Cov. Carr.
To Mottram	2s. 0d.	1s. 6d.
,, Hadfield or Glossop	2s. 6d.	1s. 3d.

London Road Station, Manchester, May, 1871.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

MANCHESTER, SHEFFIELD, AND LINCOLNSHIRE RAILWAY. — WHITSUNTIDE HOLIDAYS.—On Thursday, Friday, and Saturday, 1st, 2nd, and 3rd June, Cheap Excursions to DUNFORD, WORTLEY, OUGHTY BRIDGE, SHEFFIELD, WORKSOP, RETFORD, and LINCOLN, will run as under :—

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Dunford & back. First Class	Cov. Carr.	To Wortley & back. First Class	Cov. Carr.	To Oughty Bridge & back. First Class	Cov. Carr.	To Sheff'ld & back. First Class	Cov. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30								
Ardwick ,,	8 33								
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.) ,,	7 35	3	0 1	6 3	0 1	0 4	0 2	0 5	0 2 0
Guide Bridge ,,	8 45								
Newton ,,	8 53								
GLOSSOP ,,	8 55	2	0 1	0 3	0 1	0 3	0 1	0 4	0 2 0
Dinting ,,	9 3								

STATIONS.	Time of Starting.	FARES. To Works'p & back. First Class	Cord. Carr.	To Retford & back. First Class	Cord. Carr.	To Lincoln & back. First Class	Cord. Carr.
	a.m.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.	s. d.
MANCHESTER (London-road) at	8 30						
Ardwick ,,	8 33						
OLDHAM (Clegg-st.) ,,	7 35	6	0 3	0 7	0 3	0 8	0 4 0
Guide Bridge ,,	8 45						
Newton ,,	8 53						
GLOSSOP ,,	8 55	5	0 2	0 6	0 3	0 7	0 3 0
Dinting ,,	9 3						

For particulars of Return see Bills, to be had at the Station.

London Road Station, Manchester, May, 1871.
R. G. UNDERDOWN, General Manager.

NOTICE OF REMOVAL.

WILLIAM LORD (late of 15, PICCADILLY, MANCHESTER), dealer in all kinds of Paraffin and Petroleum Lamps, and Lamp Materials, Burning Oils, &c., &c., Wholesale and Retail, hereby informs his Customers and the Public generally that he has REMOVED to more commodious premises, No. 8, BROOM STREET (Continuation of New Brown Street), Three Doors from Shudehill (Lower End).

SMOKY CHIMNEYS CURED
EFFECTUALLY or no CHARGE.
W. H. JOHNSON & CO.,
ALBERT WORKS, 14, CITY ROAD, MANCHESTER.
HOUSE PAINTERS, REPAIRERS OF PROPERTY, &c.

VICTORIA WINE COMPANY, LONDON.
BRANCH, 19, BLACKFRIARS STREET, MANCHESTER.
Port and Sherry, 6s. 6d. per gallon, or 13s. per dozen; Claret, 11s.; Champagne, 25s. per dozen.

DEPILATORY.

WELLS' DEPILATORY is the only *effectual* remedy for the immediate and permanent removal of superfluous hair from the face, arms, neck, &c. This preparation effects its purpose almost instantaneously, without pain or injury to the most sensitive skin. Full particulars on receipt of a stamped directed envelope. JOHN WELLS, 113, Euston Street, near Hampstead Road, London. N.B. Hundreds of testimonials have been received from the nobility and ladies of rank who have tried this marvellous remedy.

HETHERINGTON'S COUGH LOZENGES. The best and safest remedy for coughs; relieves the difficulty of breathing in Asthma. To be had from most respectable chemists and confectioners, in 3d. and 6d. boxes; or, direct from the depot.—HETHERINGTON, wholesale confectioner, 18, Lower Mosley Street, Manchester.—7lb parcels carriage paid to any part of the kingdom.

WEDDING CAKES. — Messrs. PARKER and SON, Confectioners, by Special Appointment to their Royal Highnesses the Prince and the Princess of Wales and Royal Family, beg to direct attention to their NEW BRIDECAKE SHOWROOM. Finished and Unfinished Cakes of all weights ready for inspection. Elegant Vases, Bouquets, Wreaths, and Bridecake Ornaments.
Contractors for Wedding Breakfasts, Dinners, Ball Suppers, &c.—Menu and Price List forwarded.
For Hire—Gold, Gilt, and Electro-plated Epergnes, Candelabra, Silver Plate, Cutlery, China, Linen, Tables, Rout Seats, Chairs, Tents, and everything required for entertainments.
18, ST. MARY'S GATE, EXCHANGE.

TEA.
THIS YEAR'S GROWTH,
VIA SUEZ CANAL,
AT
J. F. MART'S
Establishments,
OPPOSITE TOWN HALL, SALFORD
110, Borough Buildings, London Road;
AND
62, OLDHAM ROAD MANCHESTER.
Congou .....2s. 2s. 4d. 2s. 6d.
Fine Pekoe-flavour, 2s. 8d.
Finest Imported, rich Pekoe-flavour, 3s. & 3s. 4d.
Choicest Gatherings—Rich full-flavoured Lapsong Souchong, 4s.

THE QUEEN'S BUILDING AND INVESTMENT SOCIETY.
Head Offices, 95, Bridge Street, Manchester.
Annual Income, nearly £400,000. Amounts received at five per cent interest.
Amounts not exceeding £50 repaid upon demand.
Advances promptly made upon Freehold and Leasehold securities.
Reports, Prospectuses, &c., upon application at the Offices.

HOLLOWAY'S OINTMENT
AND PILLS.
Diseases of the skin.—No case of disease of the skin, be its nature what it may, has failed to be benefited by these potent remedies when properly applied. In scrofulous and scorbutic affections they are especially serviceable. Scurvy and eruptions, which had resisted all other modes of treatment and were gradually becoming worse from year to year, have been completely cured by Holloway's cooling Ointment and purifying Pills, which root out disease from the blood itself leaving the constitution free from every morbid taint. In the nursery Holloway's Ointment should be ever at hand; it will give immediate ease in sprains, contusions, burns, scalds, infantile eruptions, and may always safely be applied by any ordinary attendant.

WHELPTON'S
VEGETABLE PURIFYING PILLS
TRADE MARK (REGISTERED)
Are warranted not to contain a single particle of *Mercury* or any other *Mineral Substance*, but to consist entirely of Medicinal Matters, *Purely Vegetable*.
During the last thirty-five years they have proved their value in thousands of instances in diseases of the Head, Chest, Bowels, Liver, and Kidneys: and in all skin complaints are one of the best medicines known.
Sold in boxes price 7½d., 1s. 1½d., and 2s. 9d. each, by G. WHELPTON & SON, 3, Crane Court, Fleet Street, London; and by all Chemists and Medicine Vendors. Sent free on receipt of 8, 14, or 33 stamps.

PERSONS troubled with CORNS and WARTS should at once procure a bottle of ROBINSON'S PATENT CORN SOLVENT, which never fails to quickly remove them.—Sold in bottles at 7½d. and 13½d. each, by B. ROBINSON, chemist, Pendleton; JEWSBURY, MOTTERSHEAD, & CO., Market Street; and most Chemists.

PRIZE MEDAL AWARDED.
OWEN'S PATENT
PERAMBULATORS
Will hold either ONE OR TWO children without any increase in the width of the Carriage from that of an ordinary SINGLE ONE.
Write or call for the New Illustrated Book of Prices for Perambulators and Invalid Carriages, free, containing OPINIONS of the PRESS on this novel INVENTION.
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